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*C. J. Pratt
Owen Sound*

THE EARLY DAYS

*At A & L of
with the authors and others*

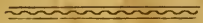
OWEN ♦ SOUND,



BY

A. M. STEPHENS.

(FROM THE OWEN SOUND "SUN.")



C. J. PRATT,
BOOK & JOB PRINTER.
OWEN SOUND.





THE EARLY DAYS OF OWEN SOUND.

BY A. M. STEPHENS.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

(The following letter to a friend in a foreign country was published without a signature in an Owen Sound paper in the year 1873:)

NORVAL, UPPER CANADA, NOV. 15, 1840.

Dear—,

In my last letter I think I told you that I intended leaving home and seeking my fortune in the far west; but since then matters and things have changed, and I have changed with them, and am likely to remain in my native country, which has need of all her sons, and plenty of room for them too. It is true that she has a good many adopted children, but their love for her is measured by the amount of money they can make. They are divided in sentiment as to forms of Government and political matters generally. The one party can see in the United States nothing but freedom, equality and enter, rise; and in England, aristocracy, oppression, poverty and slavery. With the other party all that is great, glorious and free is concentrated in what they call the British constitution; and the Yankees are a nation of cowards, knaves and cut-throats. It is to be hoped these people will either get more sense or die off soon, and leave a good number of children behind them, who will be in no respect inferior to their fathers in all that constitutes true manhood, and possess a much greater amount of common sense. And while they will regard with respect and veneration the land of their fathers, and be devoted to the land of their birth. They will be willing to live on friendly terms with their neighbors over the line.

The interest of Canada is safer in the hands of her own children.

There is something in the prospect of leaving one's native country that to me at least is anything but agreeable. The old log house, with its old fashioned fireplace, where my father breathed his last, commending his family to the care of their father's God; where my mother has toiled and is still toiling, making herself miserable for fear her children will not be happy; the trees that my father planted and nursed with care; the creek in front of the barn, where I had caught the little chubs with a pin hook, and pelted the frog with stones as he appeared above the water. In fact, fields, fences, barns, trees and hill, all appeared to possess charms that I never before noticed, and caused me to feel more than my pride would allow me to acknowledge.

Well, you will perhaps laugh at such sentimentalism; but I don't care, a man that has no love for home or country doesn't deserve either. I am now going to tell you the reason why I am not going to the west. Our Government appear to have, by some means, (perhaps by the slashing given them by Hincks through the Examiner newspaper,) been waked up to the importance of settling our back country, and one of the McNabbs of Norval has been appointed Land Agent, with instructions to locate his headquarters near the northwest corner of Garafraxa, and to take a number of men with him to open up the road to this place, and erect a dwelling and store house. As soon as I heard this, I made up my mind to go with him, and

go I did. You shall now have in as short a space as possible an account of my trip:

Our party numbering about twenty, mustered at Balliafad, and proceeded up through the township of Erin to Garafraxa, a large, three-cornered township, with about thirty settlers, some of whom have been there for about twenty years—about one settler and a half for every year. How long it will take to settle the township, which contains about one hundred and twenty thousand acres, I have not taken the trouble to calculate. On reaching the Garafraxa we changed our course to the northwest for about eight miles, when we reached the Grand River, and found a party engaged in erecting a bridge. This river empties into Lake Erie, distant from this place about a hundred miles, and judging from its size here it must be the largest river in Upper Canada. As we couldn't get across with our teams, we turned in to help at the bridge, which we finished in about ten days. There are a few settlers here of the regular backwoods class. You would think that they never saw the outer world, which is really the case with the juvenile portion, as they are literally natives. The growth of the young ladies does not appear to have been much interfered with by tight boots or tight lacing—they are evidently strangers to these items of refinement—but their charms are allowed to 'sink or swell, as heaven pleases.' Their clothing is of the most primitive character, and the children are as wild as rabbits. It is here that you would see ploughs with wooden mouldboards, harrows with wooden teeth, doors hung with wooden hinges, and harness made with basswood bark. By these people we were treated with the greatest kindness. They had any quantity of whiskey which they dispensed with a liberal hand, and in their appreciation of this luxury, they don't appear to be behind the most refined communities. They

procure the whiskey at a village, some ten miles down the river, called Fergus, where I am told whiskey-drinking reigns in all its glory.

After finishing the bridge at this place we left for what we called the Land of Promise, distant about fifteen miles, through an unbroken forest, cutting the road and bridging the streams as we went; working hard all day and sleeping on hemlock branches at night. Our party being composed nearly all of boys, like myself, broken loose from the restraints of home, you may judge that the amount of piety manifested was rather small. We had, however, one elderly man amongst us a Methodist—not one of those roaring, hallelujah, going to glory Methodists, who are willing to stay away from glory as long as possible, but a whole souled, warm-hearted, God-fearing man, one who would like to get to heaven and take us all with him; but gave us to understand that unless a change came over some of us, the operation would be attended with some difficulty, if not altogether impossible. On pitching our tent one Saturday evening, some of us observed a tree of considerable size hanging over our camp, and suggested the propriety of cutting it down, but it was allowed to remain, and in due time we all lay down and soon fell into one of those sound slumbers that are only enjoyed by those who are blest with a clear conscience and plenty to eat and drink. The rain soon drowned our fire, and sometime during the night down came the tree across our tent, but in a very slow and deliberate manner, cracking as it came, which soon caused a general resurrection, each one thinking his day (or rather night,) had come, and I must admit the sensation was anything but agreeable while it lasted. His treeship got down at last, and then the anxiety to know who, if anyone, was under it; a light was soon got, which revealed our old Methodist friend fast asleep, with

the tree across his breast, just pressing hard enough to hold him fast. It happened that a log lay behind our tent large enough to prevent the tree reaching the ground and crushing our old friend to death. To wake and rescue him was but the work of a few moments. After fully realizing the position of matters, he exclaimed: "I was not yet prepared to die." Some of us at least asked ourselves the question, If he is not, are we? The next day, Sunday, I went with one or two comrades about four miles towards Fergus where two young men had located and were keeping bachelor's hall. They had been at Fergus the night before, and had just returned, bringing with them a moderate sized jug, and told us that they had great difficulty in concealing it while passing the minister's house. After spending a very pleasant day, and dining on potatoes and whiskey, we returned to our tent. A few days more brought us to our destination at the north-west corner of Garafraxa and the south-east corner of the tract known as the unsurveyed land, where we soon erected a house and covered it with basswood troughs. This place is intended as the site for a village, to be called Arthur. The tract of country which the Government intend opening up, extends from this place north to the Georgian Bay about seventy-five miles and westward to Lake Huron about the same distance, large enough for three or four good sized counties, but at present a "howling wilderness." This is by no means a figure of speech, as we were nightly surrounded by bands of wolves which sometimes came so close as to appear desirous of cultivating an all too intimate acquaintance. I cannot exactly say that I was afraid, but somehow or other the sensation was something like that produced by the bagpipes—the further away, the more agreeable the music.

That part of Garafraxa through which

we passed, and that around where we located the new village, is composed of rolling land, heavy hard wood timber, and deep rich soil, and if the remainder of the tract is anything like what I have seen, it will be no doubt, one day become the garden of Upper Canada. Sir Francis Bond Head purchased these lands from Indians about six years ago, which is about the only good thing he was ever known to do, unless it was to drive the country into a rebellion, which had the effect of leading the British Government to inquire into our position, which has resulted in the re-union of the provinces, and I trust will result in their prosperity, as it does appear that a new era is beginning to dawn. There has been a line run from the site of our new village through to the head of Owen Sound Bay, where a party of surveyors have been engaged laying out a town, to be called Sydenham. As I didn't like the prospect of settling in Arthur, so far inland, I returned home, and intend taking the first opportunity of going through to Owen Sound. Since my return home I have seen McNabb the Surveyor, who has just returned from Owen Sound, and gives a glowing description of that part of the country. He says he caught a brook trout in one of the creeks up there which weighed four pounds. How he weighed it I didn't ask. I think it is a "fish story." However, I am off anyway, to see the country for myself, and if I don't get starved, frozen, or killed by the Indians, will write you on my return.

A. M. STEPHENS.

Sir,—In October 1840, I assisted in building a bridge across the Grand River in Garafraxa, and opening a track for fifteen miles through the bush to what was then known as the unsurveyed lands. These lands extended westward to Lake Huron, and northward to the Georgian Bay, with only one white settler named Travers, who squatted on

the east side of Owen Sound Bay in what is now the township of Sydenham. He afterwards married a daughter of the late John McKay of the Garafraxa road, the Rev. John Neelands performing the ceremony, Miss Telford, daughter of the Land Agent, and now Mrs. Beith acting as bridesmaid on the occasion. This was the beginning of marriages in the Owen Sound settlement, and it is gratifying to know that so worthy an example has been faithfully followed.

On reaching what is now the village of Arthur, we built a shanty and cut down the trees that were likely to fall on it. The agent appointed by the Government to superintend the settlement of this new country, located here and proceeded to erect a dwelling for family. I was pleased with the appearance of the country, but did not like the idea of settling so far inland, and never dreaming that I should live to see it intersected with railroads as at present. I therefore returned home with the firm intention, however, of visiting Owen Sound the first opportunity that presented itself. The late Chas. Rankin had been making surveys at the head of the Owen Sound Bay, and the Government had also placed an agent at this point, with a view to opening up the surrounding district for settlement. About the end of the following month, (Nov.) I learned that a party was being organized at Arthur to brush a road through to Owen Sound on a line surveyed by Chas. Rankin some years previously. Being still anxious to explore this part of the Province, I at once proceeded to Arthur and offered my services to the foreman, who, though he did not absolutely refuse them, did his best to discourage me by describing the nature of the work I should be required to do. I would have to carry a pack of fifty pounds besides an axe and blanket for the first fifteen miles, and then chop with the rest of the men, receiving only the same wages, half a dollar a

day. But as I had not travelled fifty miles through mud and soft snow to be easily frightened, I accepted his terms. The reason of his unwillingness to allow me to join his party I never discovered, but before the trip was ended I learned in a very practical manner that if I did not rue having left home it was not his fault. We started out next morning, and on the evening of the second day reached what was then known as the Maitland River, at the point where Mount Forest is now situated, and distant from Arthur about fifteen miles. Here our work at road-making began. Our party numbered twelve besides the foreman, all being smokers with one exception. We carried a flint, a supply of spunk wood and a pocket-knife. The latter we used for striking fire to light our pipes, and to cut our tobacco, bread and pork. Taking the party as a whole I am forced to admit that it did not possess, to any great extent, either piety or polish, but it did contain a few specimens of genuine manhood. One, whose name was Hiram Marsh, rough, vulgar and profane, was kind, generous and true. For some cause or other he appeared to take me under his protection, and his kindness fully compensated for the petty tyranny of the foreman. We had breakfast in time to begin work at daylight. The cook prepared and brought to us our dinner, which, like breakfast and supper, consisted of bread and pork, and was often frozen before it reached us. We usually made about four miles each day. The cook, with two men to assist, would remove the provisions, tent and blankets to a place which we would likely reach by night. Then they would clear away the snow, build a pile of logs, spread the tent which was like the half-roof of a house, gather a quantity of hemlock boughs for bedding and then, start a fire in the log-pile, and have our supper ready when we came in from work. In this manner we made our way towards Owen Sound. I

remember, that when crossing the Big Saugeen on a timber jam covered with snow, somehow I found myself up to the waist in water. From my best recollection of the event the situation was more enjoyed by my companions than myself. I lost no time in getting to the bank of the river where I emptied the water out of my boots, stood with bare feet in the snow while I wrung my socks, and then pullin on boots and socks, went to work. Strangely enough no ill-effects resulted from this my first but not last experience of this kind.

On reaching the seventeenth mile from Owen Sound the cook informed us that we had barely enough pork for supper, and not enough bread for another day. It was therefore resolved to stop work and march for the Bay at which we expected to arrive the next evening, and where we could get supplies from the Government stores. The following morning the cook divided the bread, each man receiving enough for a fair breakfast, and a small piece to serve as a luncheon. There was also a bit of pork which the cook gave to the foreman, who ate it in our presence. It was a trifling act but it excited the contempt of the entire party.

Our plan of march was Indian file. The snow increased in depth as we proceeded north, and for the last ten miles reached the knee, with a crust that almost bore. At first we took turns in breaking the road, and when the leader became tired he stepped to one side and fell in at the rear. But as the day advanced, and the snow became deeper, one after another failed to lead, until eventually all gave up, with the exception of a young man named McGhee (brother of Robt. McGhee, one of our late wardens) and my friend Marsh. These two stuck it out, leading in turns to the end of our journey. Marsh relieved me of my pack, leaving me nothing but my axe and a small pail, which contained a few pounds of hogs-fat. I car-

ried the pail on the axe-handle, over my shoulder changing it from side to side until I grew so exhausted that I had not strength to lift it over my head. For the last few miles it was a stagger rather than a march. I had eaten nothing since morning, as the exertion had brought on a sickening sensation, and I had given my bread to a comrade. Night closed down on us about two miles from the Bay, but we managed to follow the blaze until we reached the flat of which the Pleasure grounds form a part. There we lost it, but fortunately discovered an Indian sugar camp, large enough to contain us all, into which we crawled. After lighting a fire the cook put on his camp-kettle, and melting a sufficient quantity of snow put into it the hogs-fat out of my pail, with two partridges shot during the day by the foreman, and boiled all together. Out of this we made our supper and soon lay down to rest. It was a cold stormy night, but under the circumstances we had no reason to complain of our quarters. The morning broke clear and cold, and for myself, I remember waking with a ravenous appetite, with no apparent prospect of its being satisfied. The foreman had been through here before, and thought he knew the location of the Agent's house. He accordingly started out, with the understanding that he should fire a gun when he found it. Before long we heard the welcome sound, and one after another, we followed his track which led us down the hill somewhere between Mr. LePan's dwelling and the old English church. We soon caught a glimpse of the house, with smoke issuing from a pipe through the roof, and if ever a heart jumped for joy mine did then. I entered, and one of the first objects that met my gaze was some bread and pork on a shelf. I seized a portion, and he would have been a strong man who could have taken it from me. We found that the Agent and surveying party had gone home, leaving the stores in charge of

three men. Of these three, one, whose name was McKenzie, left the following spring and never returned; another, Duncann McLaren, was drowned with two comrades when on their way to St. Vincent; and the third, Joseph Black settled on the east side of the Garafraxa road, adjoining the town reserve, where he remained till his death.

We rested for a day and then began our return trip. In due time we arrived at Arthur where the party dispersed, I striking out for home, where I remained until the spring of 1842. I then returned to Owen Sound which ever since has been my home, and of which I am now, with the exception of Mrs. Beith, "the oldest inhabitant."

An opening in the bush of about an acre in extent, partially cleared; three log houses, one occupied by the Crown Lands Agent and his family, one for the accommodation of emigrants, and the third kept as a tavern by Hugh Gunn Campbell; about half-a-mile of Street now called Union Street, with the timber chopped down but not cleared off; a deep, dark, and winding river, having a dense growth of cedar on either side with tops interlacing over head, forming the only channel of communication with the outside world and looking very unlike the future home of iron steamships.

Such was the town of Owen Sound in the spring of 1842, when I came to make it my home.

At this time there were a number of settlers in the country, the names of which, with their locations, as far as I can remember, were as follows: Michael McCabe, John Doyle, William Hatton, William McKenzie and the McClarty family, on the 10th concession of Sydenham; Joseph Black, Francis Arnot, John McGregor, John Thompson, Malcolm McMartin, Benj. McLaren, Joseph McFarlane, John Miller, George and John McKay, Wm. Glen, Moses Mosett, Lawrence Lahaye, Francis Cook, Malcolm McGregor, and several brothers, Caleb

Mordon, Thos. Dean, and James Gillespie on the east side of the Garafraxa Road; on the west side, Dr. Scott, Edward Sparling, Jas. Oliver, Nathaniel Herriman, and William Rielly. There were others on each side of the Garafraxa Road as far as the thirteenth mile where Alexander McCauley was settled, but I forget their names. George MacDougall occupied the lot of which the cemetery now forms a part. This was he who afterwards became known as the Rev. George MacDougall, the pioneer of Protestant missions in our great North-West, and whose melancholy end was so universally lamented. During his stay here he and I became intimate friends. As it was once said of the French that they were never at peace except when engaged in war, so it might have been said of Mr. MacDougall that he was never at rest except when struggling with difficulties. He was warm-hearted and open-handed, had the courage to dare and the constipation to endure, thus being in an eminent degree qualified to take the field as a Heaven-sent missionary.

The buildings erected in town during that summer were: A two story frame, fitted for store and dwelling, on the present site of the Queen's Hotel, by W. C. Boyd; a small frame on the site of the Merchants Bank, by Jno. Mason; a log building on the site of the Times office, by Thomas Rutherford; and a frame at the corner of Union and Scrope Streets, west of the Queen's Hotel, by one of the Lyman's of Montreal. This last is still in existence and is now the oldest building in town. Ezra Brown came during the summer with the intention of establishing a tanning business, and applied to the agent for a site on which to erect suitable buildings, but that official refused to allow a tannery near the town, and forced him to take two lots at the corner of Poulett and Division Streets, the present site of the Bank of Hamilton and adjacent buildings. Those who read

this may feel disposed to ridicule the agent's course in this matter, and I knew Brown himself to laugh when referring to it some years after. But he did not laugh at the time, as he thought it a hardship to be forced so far away into the bush, and that he was unfairly treated by the agent, who no doubt considered himself acting in the public interest. As Poulett Street has since been chopped out, and the boundary of our clearing somewhat extended, it does not seem so far out of town as it did then. To travel a quarter of a mile in a dense swamp is a very different matter from travelling the same distance over a clear street.

The Crown Lands Agent, Mr. John Telford, was a native of Scotland, and came to the North-West in 1819 in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. He was at Fort Garry after the dispersion of the Selkirk colony, and saw the graves of those who were killed in the battle between the servants of the Hudsons Bay and the North-West companies. He remained in the North-West for three years, at the end of which time he left for the East in company with a party of Indians, and made his way to Fort William, where he found means of continuing his journey till he arrived at the settled part of Upper Canada. He finally located in Galt where he was living when he received the appointment of Crown Lands Agent. He was a man of few words, of a kind and generous disposition, and took a deep interest in the settlement entrusted to his care. The many acts of kindness on the part of himself and his estimable wife, should cause their memory long to remain green in the homes of early settlers.

Land seekers continued to arrive throughout the entire summer and till late in the fall. Hugh McDiarmid and his son John came early in the season, the remainder of the family arriving later. Thomas Maitland found out our clearing, and he, like myself, became a

fixture. He had the faculty in his early days, of accommodating himself to his surroundings. I knew him on one occasion to enjoy a sound night's sleep with the bare gravel beach for a bed, the sky for his only covering, and a good sized stone for his pillow. I at the same time slept equally well with the same bed and covering, but had for my pillow a bundle of moss which I preferred to a stone, believing it to be more comfortable if not so patriarchal. We had many adventures together both afloat and ashore, some of which were more exciting than pleasant. For myself, I was always cautious, but never lost my presence of mind in danger. As for Maitland, he was possessed of a don't-stop-to-consider-but-pitch-in, sort of temperament, and was as careless when in danger as he was about getting there. I remember once when crossing an arm of the Georgian Bay in an open boat we were overtaken by a violent gale, which rendered the probability of our going to the bottom unpleasantly near, and while I was exerting all my skill in steering the craft Maitland sat on one of the thwarts eating a piece of cake, the shape of a half-moon, with the same composure as if he were sitting by the camp fire. I expressed my surprise at his being able to eat under such circumstances, and he replied that "if he were going to be drowned, he did not see that his remaining hungry would mend matters." We succeeded, however, in reaching a safe harbour, but not without a parting salute from an angry breaker as we crossed the bar; and as we are both now approaching the end of our earthly voyage I trust that in crossing the final bar no breakers will be allowed to swamp our craft.

In the dusk of an evening that closed a day of heavy and incessant rain, two young men, spattered with mud and drenched to the skin, applied for lodgings at the dwelling of W. C. Boyd. Their dress and manner left no room for doubt

as to the character of the social circle in which they had been accustomed to move, and with the exception of true English pluck, of which they were undoubtedly possessed, they were destitute of the qualifications required to fit them for a successful struggle with the hardships of a bush life. These were the Caruwell brothers, Henry and Joseph. They obtained a grant of a lot on the Garafraxa road, near what is now Chatsworth, on which they built a shanty and started to work. I met them several times during the following winter, and saw in them no appearance of dissatisfaction with their new life. There was a rough independence about it that seemed in some degree to compensate for the loss of the home comforts to which they had been accustomed, and they therefore enjoyed a fair share of contentment with the present and hope in the future. This state of matters was rudely terminated some two years later, by the burning of their shanty with all its contents, including their stock of money, leaving them destitute of everything save the clothing they had on at the time. The suffering entailed by this calamity can be more easily imagined than described, and Joseph becoming disheartened in consequence, left the country. Of his subsequent history I know nothing. The fortitude and perseverance of Henry were eventually rewarded by comparative independence, which he enjoyed for many years, together with the respect and confidence of the entire community. His earthly career terminated in a sad and mysterious death.

During the summer of which I write all the lots on the Garafraxa road considered fit for settlement were taken up, and also those on the 10th concession of Sydenham. The St. Vincent line was surveyed, and a range of lots staked off on either side, the greater number of which were located. Paul Dunn, whose family arrived the following year, James

Angus, Henry Harrison, Dugald McCallum and the Lamont family were some of the locates. Later in the season the Lake Shore line was surveyed, and a range of lots staked off on the west side. This range is now known as Concession B. These lots were mostly located, but few were occupied till the following spring, the locates having gone home to prepare for a final move. Robert Elliot and Gideon Harkness remained, and there may have been others, but if so they have passed from my recollection. James Hall, Nathaniel Barber, Israel McInnes, Hugh Welsh, Jesse McInnes and Fleming Lyttle settled on the second concession of Derby, above the Falls. This colony, numbering about fifty all told, became known as the Irish settlement.

Our spiritual interest was not wholly neglected, as we were visited by the Rev. John Neelands, better known then as Father Neelands, who lived in St. Vincent and not only paid regular visits to the town but took the entire settlement under his care. Being endowed with a true missionary spirit, an extensive knowledge of human nature and a liberal share of common sense, he was eminently fitted to fill the position in which providence had placed him. Though belonging to a particular denomination he had no desire to surround Heaven with a fence and allow none to enter but members of his own church. He may have had failings, but if so I forget all about them, and remember him only as a man advanced in years, devoted to the service of his Master, trampin from house to house (or rather from shanty to shanty) with words of advice and encouragement to all, without respect to creed, colour or nationality. The class of preachers to which he belonged together with the circumstances which called them into existence, have passed away and a new order of religious teachers, with different surroundings now exists. How much has been gained or

lost by the transition is a subject worthy the serious consideration both of teachers and taught.

We had a short visit during the summer from the Rev. William Ryerson. His route from Toronto as afterwards described by himself, was—up Yonge Street to Holland Landing, and across Lake Simcoe to Barrie, thence over a portage of seven miles to a branch of the Nottawasaga River, and down the river to its mouth. From thence he was conveyed by religious friends in a small boat to St. Vincent, where he held a camp-meeting. He was then brought to the Indian Village (now Brooke) where he held another meeting. I attended service on Sunday, and have a vivid recollection of a picture he drew of “the trader that would give whiskey to the poor Indian in order that he might the more easily deprive him of his fish and furs.” In concluding this part of his sermon he said “that the Devil himself would be ashamed of such a low, miserable creature, and if there were in Hell a low foul corner unfit for the habitation of the ordinary subjects of his Satanic Majesty, it was there he would place this disgrace to men and devils.” Though his language was forcible and severe, its force and severity were so intensified by his manner of delivery that it could only be appreciated by those who heard him. Before leaving this part of the country he came to see us, and was entertained with his friends at the house of W. C. Boyd, which was then the free head-quarters of all teachers of Christianity. On leaving us he was conveyed to the head of Colpoys Bay, across by land and water to Lake Huron, and down the coast to the Indian Village at Saugeen, where he again held a camp-meeting, and finally returned home by Goderich, thus completing what would generally be considered a very desirable and agreeable excursion. But from his own account of the trip, as published in one of the

Toronto newspapers, he evidently did not regard it in that light. He gave a graphic description of the hardships he endured, and the miserable condition in which he found the people. He spoke of our village as being “a small white settlement the inhabitants of which were in a state of starvation for want of temporal and spiritual food.” How he could make such statements without drawing largely upon his imagination is to me a mystery. Of a lack of temporal food he certainly saw no indication, as the table at which he was entertained he would find supplied in no grudging manner, and I feel confident that none of the inhabitants complained to him of a scarcity, for nothing of the kind existed. As for spiritual food, we felt disposed to enjoy what we had and patiently wait till the improvement in our circumstances would allow us a more liberal supply.

While such romancing may not be indulged in for the purpose of deception it has nevertheless a tendency to deceive and cast discredit upon all missionary literature. It is therefore to be regretted that men who undertake to teach, not only by precept but by example, should allow themselves to be so carried away by inordinate zeal as to adopt a course of such questionable morality.

On my arrival at Owen Sound I had found W. C. Boyd quartered in the emigrant house, his journey here having been accomplished on the schooner Fly, a vessel of about fifteen tons, which he had purchased in Toronto in order to convey with him, his family and a cargo of supplies such as would be needed in a new settlement. He had a number of men employed in preparing materials for a building and clearing off a place on which to erect it. As I had come to stay, and had been accustomed to earn my own living, I went to work with the rest, without asking any questions as to time or wages. Having spent the great-

er part of my life in helping to clear up and work a farm, I was no stranger to a bush-life. I could handle the axe and handspike, could drive oxen, and use, in a rough manner, such tools as saw, hammer, mallet and chisel. I had also some experience in managing a country store. In all these employments, and many more, I engaged from time to time, as circumstances required. The Fly had brought from the mouth of the Nottawasaga River a cargo of lumber, which was landed at what is now the foot of Union Street. A new waggon, which formed part of her cargo from Toronto, was lying in pieces beside the lumber. My first employment was to put together the waggon, hitch to it a yoke of oxen, and begin hauling up the lumber to where the builders were at work. I had not thus been long engaged when I fell and hurt my knee, and though it did not bother me much at the time, the next morning it was so stiff I could scarcely walk, and I was consequently rendered unfit to follow the oxen through the bush. Not wishing to be idle though I had a lame leg, I asked the foreman of the framers for a mallet and chisel. These he gave me and with them I went to work, and continued to chisel until the building was ready to raise, in which operation I was able to assist, my knee being then so far recovered as to permit my doing so. The frame was of the old fashion, with posts and beams, and raised in bents, and contained as much solid timber as three or four modern buildings. Thomas Hembrough and I enclosed and shingled it, and assisted the carpenters (as they called themselves) to finish the inside. Hembrough made no more pretensions to being a carpenter than I did, but we got through about as much work and did it about as well as those who claimed to have served their time at the trade. When the building was fit to be occupied, moving the stuff, filling up the store, and arranging the goods therein, formed my

next occupation. I also spent much of my time looking after men that Boyd kept employed at clearing land and erecting buildings for storehouse and stable. Later in the summer a large building in the gully or ravine, south of what is now known as Baring Street, for the manufacture of pearlsh. A kiln of brick was burned, the clay for which was taken from the face of the hill and trodden by oxen. As it required sand to be mixed with it, and we knew of none nearer than the beach below Squaw Point, I went there for a load, taking a batteaux and two men, with a log canoe in tow. We started early in the afternoon, and on reaching the beach it was found that the water shoaled so gradually that the batteaux could not be got near enough the shore to land, I therefore had it anchored in water sufficiently deep to float it when loaded, and as neither of the men seemed inclined to get his feet wet, I left one of them on the batteau and took the other ashore with the canoe. I then stood in the water holding the canoe in place, while the man on shore filled it with sand, after which I waded with it out to the batteaux where the man on board unloaded it. I continued this process till the loading was completed. By that time it was nearly dark and a heavy rain storm came upon us, accompanied by a strong gale down the bay, which cut off all chance of our getting home that night. This was by no means agreeable, but it afforded me some satisfaction to see that the men got their full share of the wetting, and they could no longer congratulate themselves on keeping dry whilst I was drenched. Now we were all alike, wet and hungry, for we had taken no provisions with us. I made this trip after having obtained some knowledge both of sailing and rowing, but I had not hitherto proved the folly of going a-boating without a supply of provisions, and it is needless to say that I did not fail to profit by the experience.

The men engaged at the brickmaking were all new to the business, none having previously worked at it, but they managed to turn out bricks of as good quality as any I have ever seen made here since. We had then a supply of good bricks but no lime. This we obtained in the following manner: We selected a place at the side of the ravine a short distance from the building erected for pearling-works, but farther up where the ravine was not so deep. Here we made an excavation in a circular form, about eight feet deep and six in diameter, at the foot of which we made an opening out to the ravine, that served for a door. The soil being a stiff clay we were not troubled by its caving in. We then filled up the hole with broken limestone, raising it above the surface in the form of a cone, applied the fire and kept it going till all the stone was thoroughly burnt. We had thus both lime and brick with which to plaster our houses and build our chimneys.

The schooner *Fly* was sailed by Duncan and Alexander McNab, with an African named Isaiah Chokee as cook. The latter, according to his own story, had been kidnapped in Africa and kept on board a man-of-war for fourteen years. The ship having touched at New York he left without asking for a discharge, and found his way to Toronto, where Boyd picked him up and put him on board the *Fly*. The schooner, after having made several trips to Goderich and Coldwater, was ordered to Detroit, and the sailors informed that I would be sent along with money to purchase the cargo. At this they became indignant, and declared they would leave the ship, doubtless thinking that they would be coaxed to remain. But in this they were disappointed, as Boyd took them at their word and paid them off, leaving the schooner at anchor in charge of Isaiah. Flour at length becoming scarce,

and no sailors being obtainable, Boyd undertook to make a trip to Coldwater himself, and asked me to go with him as assistant in running the vessel. My fitness for the position at that time may be understood when it is known that I had practised navigation on board a fishing skiff in the Norval Mill-pond. I had seen schooners on Lake Ontario at a distance, but had never been on board, or even near to one. I knew which end of the boat should go first, and that it was directed in its course by a contrivance in the stern called a rudder, but about the principle upon which it acted I knew nothing. But while I did not boast of my knowledge, I took care to betray as little of my ignorance as possible. I carefully watched the movements of my shipmates and the ship, asking very few questions. It so happened that the wind was ahead throughout the greater part of the trip. While this increased our work it improved my opportunities of adding to my seafaring knowledge, and before the voyage was ended I had learned the names of the different sails, shrouds, stays, halyards, sheets and lines, masts, booms and gaffs, could assist at taking in and reefing sail, and take my turn at the rudder. On arriving at Sturgeon Bay we dropped anchor within eight miles of Coldwater, for which place Boyd left in a jolly boat, taking Isaiah with him, and leaving me in charge of the schooner. Though it was lying but a short distance from the shore I had no means of reaching there other than by swimming. I was left in this situation for about a week, with nothing to read, and no one to talk to, and I found it exceedingly lonely. One day I observed a bark canoe, containing some squaws, making towards the schooner, and was very much interested in this, to me, novel craft, it appeared so light, so steady, so easily propelled. On reaching the schooner the squaws came on board, leaving the canoe along side, and it occurred to me that now was

a favorable opportunity to try my hand at the paddle. I accordingly got into the canoe and took hold of the paddle, but I soon found that I had fearfully miscalculated the character of my new conveyance. It would dart off in every direction but the one in which I wanted it to go, and instead of being quite steady it seemed possessed of a determination to get from under me and pitch me into the water. My best efforts to steady it were unavailing, and at last, in desperation, I laid down the paddle and placed my hands on either side, thinking by this means to keep it quiet. Anyone who has had any experience in bark canoeing will not require to be told what followed. I could swim a little and escaped being drowned, had none to laugh at me but the squaws, and as for the ducking that did not matter, as it was not my first, neither was it my last. Nor was that my last attempt at managing a bark canoe, as I had many a lively trip afterwards in this kind of craft.

Boyd left Isaiah at Coldwater while he went himself to New Market where he purchased a cargo of flour, had it shipped across by steamer to Orillia and forwarded by land to Coldwater and from there in open boats to the Fly. After getting it all on board, we took up anchor, but dropped it again off Penetanguishene, and went up to the town in the jolly-boat. What our business was at that place I have now forgotten; but I remember perfectly that it required a long and hard pull to get there. We had a quiet run over from Penetang and at length brought our ship and cargo with all hands, safe to port.

Captain Borland was at this time building houses for the Indians at the Indian village, and Boyd and I went over with some supplies in a batteau, taking a skiff in tow. The schooner "Wanderer," a trading vessel, was at anchor off the village, a short distance from shore, in charge of the cook, a lad of about fifteen years. He had been on

shore, and was returning, bringing with him a young Indian, when, as he was handing the boy onto the deck of the schooner, the boat in which he was standing slipped from under him, upon which he dropped his charge into the water, and laid hold of the shrouds. We were some distance from the scene and our batteau moved slowly. I cut the tow-line of the skiff and we both jumped into it and made all possible speed to the rescue. The little fellow was lying flat on the surface like a frog, with his face down, and paddling with his arms, but he must soon have smothered had not assistance reached him. When we got near him, I jumped overboard, thinking the water was not over four or five feet deep as I could see the bottom so distinctly. But I had not been accustomed to Lake Huron water, and instead of being able to stand on the bottom I found no bottom to stand on, but went over my head and got nearly choked before I recovered myself. In the meanwhile Boyd had caught the boy by the hair and had landed him into the skiff. The cook had now let go his hold and dropped into the water and was drowning, but we also got him on board our skiff and took them both to land. The mother of the young Indian, hearing of the accident came down, furious as a she-bear, with a number of her tribe at her heels, and if we had not interfered the poor young cook would have been severely handled. The father of the child (a white man) followed, attracted by the commotion, but he took a more philosophical view, and the matter was settled without further trouble. That young Indian is now Chief McGregor of the Cape Croker band of Indians.

The Fly was next ordered to St. Vincent, but Boyd remained at home, sending Archibald McNab in his place as master. McNab's knowledge of sailing was much like my own, rather limited, but he was not at all lacking in self-

confidence. Our instructions were to proceed to St. Vincent, buy a cargo of wheat, or as much as we could collect, take it to Coldwater and get it ground. A dollar a bushel was the price we were instructed to pay for the wheat. On reaching St. Vincent we dropped anchor off what was then known as Mallory's mills (Meaford had no existence at that time). Young Mallory came on board and asked me ashore to spend the night at his father's, and as the distance was not very great I gladly accepted his kind invitation. The construction of the Mallory dwelling with its surroundings, internal arrangements, the dress and manner of its inmates, formed a fair representation of the homes of Canadian pioneers. My impression of the proprietor formed at the time was, that though evidently past the prime of life he was quite unconscious of having sustained any loss either in mental or physical vigour; and while his countenance displayed a fair share of good nature, the man who attempted to impose upon him would have found himself sadly mistaken in the character of the person with whom he had to deal. He entertained me till a late hour with a history of the settlement, in the prosperity of which he manifested a lively interest. I do not know that he was the first settler in the township, but he was certainly one of the first. He came from Prince Edward's County, bringing with him a number of land claims, belonging to himself and others, which he disposed of to intending settlers who, after having made certain improvements on the lots selected, obtained a patent from the Crown. The township at that time contained about 75 families scattered over its surface. The following is a list of those whose names I remember, some of whom I met the following day and others I became acquainted with subsequently:

Price Mallory, Robert Mitchell, Thos. Mitchell, Ebenezer Clark, William

Whitelaw, William Corley, John Londry, David Miller, John Dagan, James Story, Walter Story, James Robertson, John Douglas, John Williams, Samuel Saunders, Thomas Cooper, Renneslaer Levans, Reuben Cunningham, Steven Wilcox, Steven Wilcox (son), Steven Wilcox (nephew), William Hallock, Benjamin Hallock, Donald McLaren and sons, Duncan, Archibald, Peter and Donald), Robert Atkins, Joseph Atkins, Adam Long, Hiram Bond, Peter Emery, James Carson, Robert Carson, David Doran, Adam Frank, Colonel Watson, John A. Vail, John Kirvan, Steven Boroman, Joseph Cox, Richard Cox, William Stephenson, Matthew Beebe, Jacob Shunck, Samuel Eagle, Frederick Baker, William Gibbons, Thomas Mackie, Solomon Robins, William Raven, Jason Burchell, Samuel Flowers, Miles McDonald, Asa Blanchard, S. Blanchard, Isaac Johnson, Samuel Cook, Morris Ashcroft, James and Francis Bowls, Donald Baxter, John Doherty, David Youman, David Seaman.

Being completely isolated from the older settled portions of the province, and having neither gristmill nor store, their mode of living was very primitive. Their clothing was chiefly of home manufacture, and those who used tobacco grew it themselves. They had a post office kept by William Stevenson, who carried the mail from Barrie on his back. Owen Sound was not favoured with a post office for three or four years after this time, consequently all our mail matter had to pass through that of St. Vincent. The opening of the Owen Sound district was the beginning of a new era to the inhabitants of St. Vincent. It furnished a market for their fish and farm produce, and afforded them the opportunity of obtaining such goods as they required or the circumstances warranted. During the four or five years following this date I met frequently with those whose names appear above, often stopping at their

homes where a welcome was universal. Notwithstanding their isolated position and the privations endured in consequence, a more cheerful and contented people I never had the good fortune to mingle with. I remember one, however, who was the exception to the rule, and who, though he was getting along as well as any settler in the township, was continually grumbling and finding fault. I once happened to mention to him that I had been offered a lot in St. Vincent or what I considered reasonable terms, upon which he strongly advised me to have nothing to do with any property in that locality, "the soil was poor, the climate bad, the situation remote, and the title doubtful." Notwithstanding this advice, which was no doubt well meant, I acted on my own judgement and had no cause to regret having done so. This person, who is now dead, lived on one of the finest farms in the township, drove a splendid turn-out, and surrounded himself with everything that should bring contentment. I saw very little of him during the latter years of his life, but have been informed that he grumbled to the last.

But to return to my narrative. After being hospitably entertained by the Mallory's I again went on board the Fly. The farmers had brought their wheat down to the shore and the greater part of the day was taken up in transferring it to the schooner by means of small boats. When loaded we made sail for the Gap in the Christian Islands, shortly before sunset, with a fair wind which continued to freshen. As the sun went down a dark belt began to rise ahead of us out of which flashes of lightning darted, and as this belt rose higher and higher the flashes of lightning became brighter and more frequent while peal after peal of thunder seemed to roll from one side of the horizon to the other. It was my watch at the helm. MacNab and Isaiah had turned in, but becoming convinced that a storm of extraordinary

severity was about to burst upon us, I called MacNab (who presented his head and shoulders above the companion-hatch) and told him I thought we should shorten sail as the storm would soon strike us. He looked around and calmly remarking "he thought there would be more noise than wool, as the devil said when he shaved the pig," returned below. He had scarcely time to turn in when the storm struck us in all its fury, with every stitch of canvas up, throwing the schooner on her beam ends, from which position, however, she soon righted having been under good headway. With the night as dark as pitch, the rain coming down in torrents, the sea making a clean sweep over us, the wind howling, the thunder roaring and the lightning flashing, I can scarcely be laughed at for wishing myself safe on shore. It was a nice position for two land lubbers such as MacNab and myself to find ourselves in. Isaiah was a good sailor but lost his presence of mind when in danger. MacNab took the helm; Isaiah and I scrambled forward to shorten sail. Isaiah loosened the flying-jib sheet, but got into such a flurry that he let it slip out of his hands and in trying to catch it again the block struck him on the head, knocking him flat on the deck. If my head had received the blow I think the storm would have troubled me no longer, but his, being about as hard as the block, did not appear to be affected thereby, for he quickly gathered himself up and succeeded in securing the sheet and stowing the jib. We finally managed to get all the other sails under close reef. The night being so dark we could not see the Christian Islands Gap, and we were obliged to stand off till daylight, by which time the storm had spent its fury though the wind was still fresh, and fair for the Gap, which we soon entered. We found, lying on the deck one of the jaws of the main gaff, full of long spikes, which had been wrenched off by the gale. The foremast

was broken off close to the deck, and held in place by the stays and shrouds only. Considering the violence of the storm and the fact of its striking us with all sail set, the wonder is that either the deck was not swept clean, or the ship sent to the bottom with sails, spars and rigging, hands, cargo and cook. We ran down to Sturgeon Bay, where we anchored, MacNab and I leaving for Coldwater in a jolly-boat for the purpose of getting a batteau to carry our wheat to the mill, and Isaiah remaining in charge of the schooner. We had first to pull to Coldwater (distant eight miles) procure a batteau, bring it to the Fly, take the wheat on board, row the batteau back to the mill, wait till the wheat was ground, convey it again to the schooner and then take the batteau back to the mill. If this was hard and tedious work it was not at all lonely, as we had the music of millions of frogs, toads and lizards to enliven us. Mosquitoes were also well represented as to numbers, surpassing in size and impudence anything of the kind I had ever encountered. Those to which I had been accustomed generally spent some time in humming around before lighting, and after lighting walked about, prospecting for a favourable spot on which to operate. But those of the Coldwater breed gave no time to either humming or prospecting but went at their work as if they meant business. Day or night appeared to make no difference in either their numbers or voracity. We at length got all the cargo on board, weighed anchor and made for home, taking with us very few fond recollections of Coldwater and its surroundings. The flour was disposed of for six dollars a barrel, some for cash and some for credit, no one being refused on account of having no money. In fact I never knew Boyd to refuse provisions to a family in want, but on the contrary I have known him to be often imposed upon by those who had money but concealed it, and obtained credit by working upon his sympathies.

When the flour was nearly all gone Boyd told me I must go for another cargo of wheat. To this I objected as I did not care to be connected with any enterprise entailing certain loss, and as there had been a clean loss on the last cargo nothing better could be expected from the next. He replied that the settlers must have flour and if he did not furnish it they would starve. Seeing that he was bent upon having his own way I consented to go, my shipmates being the same as on the former trip. We weighed anchor in the afternoon and had a very good run down the bay, passing the Vale school about dark. We there found the wind from the east, dead ahead, accompanied by a drizzling rain. Not caring to spend the night on deck without the prospect of making headway, we stowed all the canvas excepting the foresail, which we close-reefed and close-hauled, and lashed the helm hard-up, or hard-down, (I forget which), after which we turned in, leaving the schooner to take care of herself. This she did in splendid style, for on waking the following morning we found ourselves a considerable distance beyond Cape Croker. We had passed both Griffiths Island and the Cape, and how we escaped drifting on to one or the other was then a mystery. We obtained our load and took it to Coldwater as we did the first cargo, and in due time brought our ship again into port, more by good luck than good management. This was my last trip for that year, Boyd did the sailing for the remainder of the season, getting assistance as best he could. He made several trips to Coldwater, beaching the schooner at one time, and dropping the foremast overboard at another. Towards the close of the season he went twice to Detroit, bringing back each time a full cargo of provisions, thus preventing any danger of starvation during the winter. On the seventeenth of November he started for the mouth of the Nottawasaga River with a cargo of fish, intend-

ing to return with lumber, but instead of making the river he made the shore a short distance below Presque Isle, in a fearful storm of wind and snow. The schooner stuck fast and baffled all his efforts to float her, and there was nothing to do but send for help, which he did at the appearance of daylight. The snow had by this time fallen so deep that the messenger was obliged to keep the shore all the way and reached us about dark, bringing a letter from Boyd instructing me to collect as many men as possible and come to his assistance. By morning the snow was over two feet deep and still falling. It took me all day to get things in readiness and gather together fifteen volunteers who went with me the following morning, in a batteau, to the scene of the wreck. We found the poor 'Fly' hard aground, and being pounded on the stones by a heavy sea running on the shore, putting her strength to a severe test. She stood it well, however, and came off without any apparent injury. We all went quickly to work, some in the water and some out, no one grumbled and no one refused to do as he was asked. For my own part, I was in the water up to my waist the greater part of my time and did not find it at all disagreeable whilst in, but so soon as I came out I felt the cold and had either to go to the camp or into the water again. With the intention of bringing some appliances and provisions, I left for home some time during the afternoon, in a small boat, Robert Elliot accompanying me. It was quite dark when we reached the mouth of the river and as it was frozen over we could not enter but were obliged to undertake the walk up on the west side. By this time the snow was up to our waists, but so light that we managed to work our way up as far as the Land Agent's house. How long it took us I do not know, but we were fortunate enough to get through before the Agent had retired for the night. Here we

found the River open, and no available means of crossing but by swimming, and this we did not care to do, but the Agent heard us calling and came to our rescue with his canoe. We returned the next day to the scene of the wreck, and after several days spent in and out of the water the schooner was again floated, brought safe into port and laid up for the winter. The snow was by this time over three feet deep, and more was constantly falling. With the thermometer dropping lower and lower it cannot be wondered at that I thought the winters of this region were more severe than on the Ontario front to which I had been accustomed all my life. But if this were my opinion then, I had good reason to change it before spring. It is true that the entire settlement was literally snowed under and shut off from all means of communication with the older settlements except by walking. but thanks to Boyd and the schooner Fly it was well supplied with provisions, and if the dwellings were not frost-proof firewood—was plentiful, so that there was no danger of either starving or freezing. If, therefore, our condition did not excite the envy of outsiders we certainly did not merit their pity. I was not allowed long to enjoy this isolated paradise, for Boyd had business that required his presence in Toronto, or that of some one in his place, and I consented to undertake the trip.

I left on a Monday, carrying with me a supply of provisions for the journey, and reached Ballanfad the following Saturday night, a distance of 100 miles. Rather slow travelling 'tis true, even slower than that made by the narrow gauge which caused such grumbling in later years, but I then thought I had made very good time. From Ballanfad to Toronto and back, I travelled by sleigh. On my return I remained a short time at my old home where my mother still lived, and received a mother's welcome. I was quite an object of

interest to my old friends and neighbours, who appeared to think me fond of adventure and to be one and all of the opinion that I would have displayed more wisdom if I had stayed on my father's farm. Their reasons for forming such conclusions were, when boiled down, something like the following:—"We see by the map of Upper Canada that that country is fully a degree north of us, consequently it must be much colder, and your statements respecting the depth of snow when you left confirm us in that opinion. It may, perhaps, produce turnips, potatoes, oats and corn, spring wheat to a limited extent, in favourable seasons, but to talk of its producing fall wheat, or such fruits as apples or pears, is simply absurd. And, besides, it has neither roads, schools, nor churches, and is unlikely ever to contain a population capable of sustaining these elements of civilization, and therefore, while admitting your possession of pluck, we have great doubts as to your wisdom." Though duly grateful for these manifestations of interest in my welfare I resolved to continue the course I had adopted, and if I failed, never to give them the opportunity of saying "I told you so" to me at least, as in that case I never should have gone back to be sneered at by some and pitied by others. My father's old estate consisted of five hundred acres, worth at the present time about seventy-five dollars an acre. Now such is my attachment to the home of my adoption that I would refuse to accept a free deed of that property if offered on the condition that I should live on it for the remainder of my life. Some people may call this "mere sentiment!" "Only this and nothing more!" Be it so. Who would care to live in this world were it not for 'mere sentiment?' What is love of family, love of friends, love of church, love of country, but 'mere sentiment,' yet he would be a heartless wretch who would barter any one of these for money.

Well, after having been litle killed it on down with sage advice and wiserely accitions which, were bestowed wv from money and without price, or even without the trouble of asking, I took leave of my mother and wended my way towards my new home, which I reached, after a hard tramp, a few days before Christmas.

On my arrival I was greeted by the sad news of the death of William Rielly, an honest and industrious settler, in the prime of life, who lived on the Garafraxa road. It appeared that he had been in town the previous day, was known to have eaten nothing during the day, and leaving for home after dark, in a blinding snowstorm, had perished by the way. This was a sorrowful ending to the poor fellow's efforts to make a home for his young family.

As the time was approaching when the town meetings were to be held in the organized parts of the province, the Land Agent issued a notice requiring the settlers to assemble in the old Government House (subsequently used for a public school), on the first Monday in January, for the purpose of holding a Town-meeting. It is true there was no law for such a proceeding, but there was a very general attendance notwithstanding. The Land-Agent was elected chairman, and I was elected Town-clerk, Nathanael Herriman, Francis Arnot and Edward Sparling being the speakers on the occasion. A resolution was adopted binding all and sundry to faithfully observe and keep all the laws and ordinances there and then enacted. I regret having neglected to preserve the records of this meeting, as they would no doubt be interesting to many. Some of the business transacted was, the appointing of pound keepers, and dividing the settlement into sections and appointing road-masters. But with the exception of affording us a day's amusement the meeting produced no results, the whole affair being soon forgotten.

ter this a most distressing
ing to return. One of the settlers, Nathanael
of making a shelter, had allowed to remain standing
a shelter, in dangerous proximity to his dwelling,
a large tree, which yielded one night to
a storm of unusual violence and falling
across the house crushed it to the earth.
One of the old man's daughters was
killed, he himself had one of his legs
broken, and other members of the fam-
ily were badly injured. It was a source
of wonder to all who witnessed the scene
of the wreck that any of the inmates
escaped with their lives. So terrible
an affliction could not fail to arouse the
sympathy of the entire community,
which in many instances was manifest-
ed in a tangible form.

We seldom (saw) a newspaper, conse-
quently we were not distracted by what
was transpiring in the outside world, as
we knew very little about it and cared
as little. But there was a universal
feeling of dissatisfaction with govern-
ment for the course pursued in the man-
agement of our settlement, and this
dissatisfaction rose to fever heat when
the information was circulated that in-
structions had been received by the
agents at Arthur and Owen Sound to
demand from each settler payment in
full for his reserve, and in the case of
refusal or neglect on the part of any to
comply with these regulations the agents
were to grant or sell the lands of such to
others. In order that my readers may
understand the position in which these
people found themselves placed it will
be necessary to narrate the circumstan-
ces under which they became settlers:—

In the year 1840 the government issued
a notice promising to open a road a full
chain wide from the north-west corner
of the township of Garafraxa to the
head of the Owen Sound Bay, to grub
sixteen feet wide in the centre, bridge
the streams and crossway the swamps.
On each side of this road lots were to be
staked off. A free gift of fifty acres was

to be given to each actual settler, and
fifty acres adjoining reserved for them to
purchase at eight shillings per acre, the
fifty acres thus costing eighty dollars. On
the faith of those promises, settlers came
in and took up lots,—how the promises
were fulfilled is easily told:—During the
year 1841, 15 miles at the south end of
the Garafraxa road, and 12 at the north
were opened according to agreement,
leaving 33 miles in the centre. Through
this part a snake-road was brushed, and
the rivers such as the main Saugeen and
its tributaries, were bridged, but the
lesser rivers were left without bridges
and the swamps without crossways.
While the road was in this condition
cattle were brought over it, and some-
times oxen under yoke (though the lat-
ter was considered a dangerous business
as many of the swamps were practical-
ly without bottom,) but no one attempt-
ed to bring a team through. The money
may have run short and the Government
thereby been unable to complete the
road, which would form an excuse for
the nonfulfillment of this promise; but
to deprive the original settlers of their
reserves merely to hand them over to
new comers was regarded as a flagrant
act of spoliation. A mass-meeting was
therefore held for the purpose of consid-
ering the situation and adopting means
to bring our grievances under the notice
of His Excellency in counsel. It was
agreed to have a memorial prepared set-
ting forth the circumstances in which
we were placed, and appoint a delegate
to proceed to Kingston and present it to
His Excellency. Nathanael Herriman
was chosen as delegate, and many sub-
scribed to pay his expenses. A commit-
tee was also appointed to prepare a me-
morial of which I still have a copy, in
the handwriting of Henry Cardwell,
with a number of signatures attached
thereto. A trip to Kingston in those
days was somewhat different from what
it would be at the present time. It in-
volved a walk to Toronto, that being the

nearest point at which a public conveyance could be obtained, the said conveyance taking the form of stage in winter or steamboat in summer. So, as the season of which I am now writing was midwinter our delegate had either to take the stage from Toronto to Kingston, or walk the entire distance. Which course he adopted I forget if I ever knew, but he might as well have stayed at home as his mission amounted to nothing. There was no money in the treasury at the disposal of the Government which might be spent on the Garafraxa road, and the instructions to the agents respecting the reserves were neither to be enforced for the present nor withdrawn. In consequence of the state of uncertainty this involved many persons parted with their reserves by selling them for a mere trifle to the first new comer who made them an offer, preferring to get a trifle for their right to losing it altogether. The Government that ruled Canada was not a corrupt Tory institution such as we read about, but was composed of genuine Reformers under a Tory Governor General who allowed his ministers to run the country in their own way. This was the first trial of responsible government in Canada, or any British Colony. So far as we were concerned I don't know that the political character of the Government made any difference, as we did not belong to any organized territories and consequently had no one at head quarters to champion our cause.

I think that the first legal decision ever delivered in Owen Sound deserves to be recorded, as it shows that differences between neighbors can be satisfactorily arranged without the intervention of lawyers. The cause of the dispute that led to this decision was as follows: James Oliver and Edward Sparling, lived side by side, always on good terms as neighbors should be. Nothing occurred to disturb the existing harmony until one day Oliver felled a tree which struck

one of Sparling's oxen and killed it on the spot. The matter was purely accidental as the animal was concealed from view by a pile of brush and logs. The mischief was done, however, and had to be made the best of. Oliver was willing to pay, and Sparling to accept compensation, but the difficulty lay in their being unable to agree as to the amount; and, as there were, fortunately, no lawyers to consult, by which the affair could be complicated, they agreed to submit their case to Mr. Telford, the Land Agent, and W. C. Boyd, and abide by their decision. Those gentlemen, not being posted in the statutes of the country, thought they could not go far wrong in referring to the Law of Moses, and considered that the 35th verse of the 21st chapter of Exodus fairly met the case. They therefore placed a value on the dead ox and decided that Oliver should pay half the amount to Sparling and the carcass be divided between them. Both parties were satisfied to fulfil these terms, and went home good friends. It is not likely that these men were either better or worse than the average Upper Canadian, and if the same facility for entering into lawsuits now enjoyed by this community had existed then, the probability is that each would have sought legal advice from his favourite solicitor, putting the most favourable construction on his own case and carefully concealing every circumstance that would seem to weaken it, and as might be expected, have obtained advice in accordance with his own wishes, the result being a lawsuit, a heavy bill of costs, and two friendly neighbors made enemies for life. But whether we like it or not the legal profession has become a part of our civilization, and lawyers are here to stay; and while they are not an unmixed good, they are by no means an unmixed evil and it is difficult to understand how they could be dispensed with, though many people perhaps, sympathize with the fleeced client who is said

to have asked the Lord "to bless all lawyers with short lives and peaceful deaths, take them all home to Heaven and not trouble the world with any more like them." Some, I fear, would even feel disposed to select a region said to possess a different climate from that named by the petitioner for the future home of at least a portion of the legal fraternity.

The excitement caused by the action of the Government regarding the reserves calmed down after a time and the settlers resumed their work. As we had few visitors matters became very dull and monotonous, a state of things which did not suit me, and soon growing tired, I was glad to avail myself of anything offering a change. It happened that Boyd had on hand a quantity of fish, which would probably not all be required for home consumption. I determined to send several loads of these, which were packed in half-barrels, out by the Garafraxa road to the older settlements, and employed a number of ox-teams with their drivers, for the purpose, accompanying them myself in order to attend to the disposal of the cargoes should the caravan succeed in forcing a way through. For the first twelve miles we met with no difficulty, but from that on to the Maitland River we had to cross a succession of open streams and swamps. Between wading and floundering, however, we managed to get through in safety. It is true our speed was not of a very high rate, but we considered it good under the circumstances. So far as the teamsters and myself were concerned we had quite a jolly time of it, but I fear that the poor patient oxen failed to derive any great amount of pleasure from their share in the enterprise. Our train attracted considerable attention as we passed through the older settlements, which was not surprising in view of the odd appearance we must have presented. Our sleighs were constructed without any iron. A curved

piece of wood, resting on the necks of the oxen and held in position by an ordinary ox bow, formed the yoke, the ends of which extended on each side of the ox so as to allow the sleigh-shafts to be attached thereto. We went through Fergus to Guelph and thence through Eramossa and Erin to Ballinafad where, having disposed of all the fish, I sent the teams home. I remained with my brother Thomas, who was in business in that place, and assisted him in his collections. It was then nearly the end of February. The weather was very severe, each day seeming colder than its predecessor. The snow was over three feet deep on the level, and the roads were so badly drifted that it was difficult to travel. This continued throughout the entire month of March, with no change for the better, and as might have been expected under such circumstances, food became scarce and starvation among cattle general from Kingston to Sarnia. Few succeeded in saving their whole stock and many lost all through sheer starvation. Empty barns surrounded with cattle, some unable to rise, others standing with their backs in the form of a rainbow and shivering with cold, was a common picture. Colonel Talbot had fifty head shot rather than see them starve to death. How the farmers contrived to put in their spring crops with their teams in the state to which they must have been reduced, I did not wait to see, as I was glad to escape from such scenes of wretchedness and misery. About the middle of April I left for home, carrying a pack of some forty pounds. During the winter the road through to the Maitland (now Mount Forest) had been kept well broken and so far I found the tramping fairly good, but from that on to McCauley's Beaver-meadow (distant thirty miles) it was quite different. The snow still covered the entire surface but was melting fast under the influence of a bright sun. All the hollows being filled with water but conceal-

ed from view by the surface of snow I occasionally plunged in, though I always managed to keep right end up, at no time quite losing my balance. Midway between the two points above mentioned I had the good fortune to overtake the late James Hall and his son Charles, both of the Irish settlement, who had been out to the older settlements and were returning home with their ox-team. They very kindly offered to take charge of my pack, which had of late been growing very heavy. I gladly handed it into their care, and thus relieved I made better time as I did not sink so deeply in the slush. I contrived to reach the hospitable shanty of John McCauley before dark, where the family did all in their power to make me comfortable for the night. On the following morning, though I felt in no trim for travelling I started on my last day's journey home where I arrived before nightfall. I found all well, and that Boyd had sold the schooner *Fly* to Capt. Alexander McGregor and his son (now known as Capt McGregor) who were fitting it up preparatory to the season's trade. There had been no starvation in any part of the settlement either of man or beast. The cattle having been wintered on browse and beaver-meadow hay were in fine condition, and as a very considerable number of settlers were expected to come in during the spring and summer the prospect ahead was encouraging. I felt that I should have no reason to remain idle, and I therefore went to work again with a will. Thus ended my first year in Owen Sound.

Although the late winter had been unusually long and severe navigation opened early, as I remember having left in a batteau for Big Head River on the first of May, and meeting with no floating ice though it extended along the east side of the Bay where it had been piled up during the winter. Near the end of May the schooner "*Otter*" arrived at Owen Sound from Toronto having

aboard Mr. Lunn and family, consisting of his wife, and John and James Douglas. During the season land-seekers came in droves. Many remained, having found locations to suit, but many more left again in disgust, taking with them reports that were by no means favourable to the country. I recollect hearing some say that they would not take the whole country as a gift, as the entire surface was composed of rocks and swamps. I do not remember of any increase to the population of the town during that year, with the exception of G. J. Gale and his wife, and Shaw Woolrich, also Thomas Hinchcliff and wife. Jack Gale was born the following year, being, as I believe, the first white child born in the town. The Roman Catholic Priest of Penetanguishine, who had visited us the year previous but held no service then, repeated his visit this season and gathered his little flock together, celebrating mass in a house belonging to W. C. Boyd which the latter had erected near his ash works. This was the first service of the kind ever held in this place, and, I believe, the last until about the year 1854, when a young French Priest was sent here for the purpose of establishing a permanent mission. He purchased the lot on which the Seperate School now stands and had a stone building erected thereon. So far as I remember the house of Henry McCabe on the west side of the river was used for services till the new building was finished. This young Priest, who became a general favorite while here, was drowned in the River St. Clair while on a visit to that part of the country. He was succeeded by two young men direct from France, who being fond of out-door sports spent a good deal of their leisure in ranging the woods with their guns, though their reward in the shape of game must have been exceedingly small. One Sunday afternoon they were engaged in shooting squirrels and wood-peckers on the west

side of the river and by so doing they sadly wounded the conscience of a devout citizen who, instead of going direct to the young men and telling them that they were breaking the law, went to a magistrate with a view to laying a formal information against them. The magistrate, however, did not issue a summons, but called upon the young men and informed them that their conduct was contrary to the laws of the country, of which they pleaded ignorance, and promised to be better boys in future, and thus the matter ended. Zeal on the sabbath was in our early days often carried to extremes. About the year 1846 or '7 a man named Jones, who was a maker of fanning-mills, worked in a building on the hill, away from any habitation. He belonged to a religious denomination known as Seventh Day Baptists, who believed that Saturday was the day which should be observed as the day of rest, and consequently he felt that he was justified in working on Sunday so long as he interfered with, or molested no one. But he was not long allowed to enjoy his liberty of conscience, for one of our citizens on ranging through the bush, encountered this desecrator of the Sabbath, and forthwith laid a complaint before some justice, who issued a summons, and the man was fined.

For the first few years after Mr. Inglis became proprietor of the Grist-mill at the Falls, many of his customers were obliged to travel a long distance to get their grain ground, and in order that they should be detained as short a time as possible he kept his mill running so long as there was a grist on hand for him anyone was waiting. At one time, as a man, living on the Toronto and Sydenham road, was returning, on a Sunday morning, with his grist, having left his family without flour, some person took upon himself to detain him till the next day when he was brought before a justice of the peace and fined. Such

occurrences were then by no means rare. A similar game was sought to be played upon me. As I, with two companions, were returning from Toronto, when a short distance on this side of Smith's hotel in Normanby, we were met by three men, who, when they came abreast of my horses' heads, stood still. As it was common in those days for people, when they met, to stop and have a chat, thinking that those parties had stopped for a like purpose I rained up my horses, when the foremost, looking me full in the face, said, "This work must be stopped!" I asked him, "what work?" "Why, travelling on Sunday," was the reply. "Are you not travelling on Sunday," I asked? "Well, but we are going to church," he said. "And how do you know we are not going to church too?" I queried again. "You must go back to the hotel!" was the reply in peremptory tones, the speaker at the same time, making an attempt to lay hold of my horses. I raised my whip and told him to "touch them if he dare!" At this he drew back, and I drove on, leaving the three worthies looking after us but not attempting to follow.

Had those young Frenchmen refrained from disturbing the squirrels and woodpeckers, and allowed them to enjoy their Sunday in peace, I would not have been led into a discussion on the subject of Sabbath desecration, but as I have been somehow drawn into it I intended having my say, but in doing so I must come down to the year 1869. This period will seem recent to the elders like myself, but to the younger portion of the community will appear quite remote. During the summer of that year, the late John Frost contracted with a brickmaker to manufacture brick on his own premises, he, Frost, agreeing to furnish wood with which to burn the kilns. On a Sunday morning, while a kiln was being burned, Frost received notice from the brickmaker, that the

wood on hand would not last till Monday morning, and unless an additional supply were furnished the kiln would be ruined. He thereupon sent his teams to draw the wood, thus saving a valuable property from destruction. Frost was an active and energetic citizen, a prominent member of the church to which he belonged, and while he had many friends he had some enemies and this apparent breach of the Sabbath was hailed by the latter as a means by which their personal spleen might be gratified. An information was at once laid before a justice, but by a man to whom the community would not naturally look as a model of Christian ethics, and the impression became general that he was merely an instrument in the hands of others. In accordance with the information, a summons was issued commanding Frost to appear at a certain time and place to answer to the charges against him. At the time appointed the magistrates of the town turned out in full force, the general public also being well represented. The defendant admitted having furnished the wood as stated and pleaded justification, on the ground that the work was to save property from destruction. Some members of the court strove hard for a conviction. They did not claim that the work was in itself illegal but that the danger to the property was caused by the neglect and carelessness of the defendant. The late W. A. Stephens occupied a seat on the bench. He defended Frost's action in the premises, taking the ground that if he believed the property was in danger of being lost for the want of wood, it was his duty to see that the wood was supplied, and personally assist if he felt that his services were needed; and that with regard to his carelessness being urged as a reason why he should be fined, (even if there were evidence to substantiate such a plea,) one might as well talk of fining a man for attempting to save his house from burning on Sun-

day because it had taken fire through his own neglect or carelessness. With this view the majority of the court concurred, and consequently the case was dismissed. The matter however was not allowed to end at that. The magistrates were denounced as defenders of Sabbath-breakers, and violators of their oath of office, all manner of righteous indignation being, by tongue and pen, poured upon their devoted heads. Frost was not overlooked in the dispensation of the invectives, but received his full share, and was eventually brought before the church. How the affair was finally disposed of I never learned. To an onlooker like myself it seemed like an organized system of persecution, and I know that Frost so regarded it, and that it tended in no small degree to shorten his days, there can be no doubt. Having lived in the same community with Mr. Frost for over twenty years I could not be a stranger to his character. I knew him to have faults but he made no claim to perfection and if his accusers were qualified to cast stones at him it is all the better for them; I decline to be a judge in such matters.

After this long digression I return to my record of 1843. About midsummer our stock of flour began to run out and I was sent to Barrie for a supply. I left home on a Saturday morning and walked as far as Whitelaw's that day. There I remained until the next evening, when, having been told that a settler had lately erected a shanty in the valley of the Beaver River, some eight miles distant, I started out again in time to reach that point before nightfall. As the day was drawing to a close I heard the sound of axes and soon after came in sight of an old man and a boy busy underbrushing. I asked them if that were the way they kept Sunday. The old man replied "we haint got no almanac here and can't tell when Sunday comes." This man became known as "Dad Eaton," and was the first, and at

that time the only settler in Euphrasia, though it had then been surveyed about seven years. In accounting for such fine land remaining unsettled for so long a time, he told me that when the surveyors were at work, the holders of land claimes had their agents on the grounds, who selected all the best lots and had their claims entered in the Crown Land Office in Toronto, leaving intending settlers to take what they had left, or pay their prices for the land they had secured. The township of Collingwood appears to have been similarly handled, as there were at that time only three or four settlers and they were on the bay shore. I remained all night with Mr. Eaton and learned from him that my next stopping place would be fifteen miles distant, where a man named Brock "kept entertainment." In travelling this fifteen miles I found that I made it in five hours. I met no one during the entire distance. I found the Brock shanty occupied by himself, wife and daughter, the latter a girl about twelve years of age. Though the exterior of the premises was not very inviting the inside looked clean and comfortable. In reply to my inquiries as to the character of the country through which I should have to pass in order to reach Barrie, he told me that I would pass through the township of Nottawasaga, in which there were three settlements, one on the Hurontario street, known as "The Scotch Corners." From the name of this street it would seem that it had been the intention to open up a road which would unite Lake Ontario with Lake Huron. Its course through the first three townships was about northwest, and if it had been continued in this direction it would have reached the Owen Sound Bay. But owing to the Luther and Melancthon swamps appearing in the way. The course was changed to about north, by which it happened to strike the Hen and Chickens, a number of small islands,

with deep water intervening. I may have something more to say about these birds in a subsequent article, but in the meantime I must get on to Barrie, I was told that I would avoid the Scotch settlement by keeping to the South, and would pass through the Berowman settlement which was about eight miles distant, and should I wish to remain there over night, I could get good accommodation at the elder Beroman's. There was another settlement about four miles further on, but as it was composed of Irish and Scotch "he kinder thought" that I would not care to remain with such people. If the poor old man had known that I was Irish in everything but the accident of birth he would not have spoken with such freedom. During my short stay with Mr. Brock he had a good many stories to tell about the various schemes resorted to by the travellers to avoid paying for their accommodation, and ended by saying that should anyone be desirous of studying "human nature," he would advise them "to come out to the bush and keep entertainment."

I resumed my journey and arrived at Borman's early in the evening, and could have gone further but the place looked so inviting that I concluded to pass the night there, providing that the inmates had no objection. The dwelling was built of logs put together after the roughest style. It stood a short distance back from the road, the door yard being enclosed with a fence, and a plot of flowers in full bloom on each side of the door gave the premises a look of taste and comfort. I found the door open and the mistress the only occupant of the house. I asked if I could be accommodated for the night, telling her what Mr. Brock had said about the Irish and Scotch settlement. She replied that "any one might take her for Irish or Scotch, she was in such a mess with washing and scrubbing;" but instead of giving me a direct answer to my question she put me through a course of catechising to which I had become accustomed in my travels through the country

that was all so new. I was required to tell my place of birth, my place of residence, what I was then doing for a living, where I was going and what I was going for, how long I expected to be gone, and whether I intended to return that way. After those and a number of other questions had been asked and satisfactorily answered I was told that I might stay, if I could put up with such accommodation as they were able to give. The proprietor came home shortly after my arrival, who, being a professional yarn-spinner showed pleasure at having a stranger to whom he could relate some of his adventures in the bush, and whether I believed all his tales or not I was certainly an attentive listener, and enjoyed myself till late in the evening. I left the following morning for Barrie, having been directed by my host as to my way. After passing the Irish and Scotch settlements before referred to, about four miles from Borman's I did not encounter a human being, nor see a human habitation till I came within six miles of Barrie, having gone through a wilderness of at least twenty miles. I recollect passing a place known as "Shanty Creek," and one as "Gentleman Walker's Clearing." I knew both places from the descriptions given by Mr. Borman but remember nothing about them beyond their names. I have a vivid recollection of some of the finest white pine I ever saw, as well as several miles of beautiful plains covered with red pine, all of which has long since disappeared before the lumberman's axe, and the ground become covered with white poplar and bramble-bushes. The soil that produced the red pine being a dead sand is unfit for agricultural purposes and becomes a waste so soon as the natural growth is removed, whereas if the timber had been judiciously culled and the tops burned the forest could have been preserved in perpetuity, yielding a yearly revenue. Such destruction of timber as has been practised in the United States and Canada would not be tolerated in any European Country. I do not know anything about the other provinces of the Dominion, but I know that as matters are now shaping in Ontario there will soon be no timber to destroy, either belonging to the province or to pri-

vate parties, and then, if not till then, its destruction will cease.

On reaching Barrie I called, as I had been instructed, on Mr. Carney, and found him very willing to assist me in my purchase. He told me that McWhat was the only holder of flour in the town and his charge was five dollars a barrel, but that McMaster at the Holland Landing had it for four dollars and a half. This was on Tuesday evening. I at once went to McWhat from whom I learned that Mr. Carney's statement was correct and I told him what I had heard about the price at Holland Landing. This he admitted to be true, but said that there would be no boat till Thursday and I would be obliged to wait till then. I replied that "the boat that conveyed me from Owen Sound would take me to the Landing as I believed the distance was only some twenty-six miles." I accordingly started off the next morning. When a short distance from the end of my journey I was overtaken by a man traveling at a much greater speed than I, who, however, when coming abreast of me, slackened his pace so as to correspond with mine. I cannot say that we entered into conversation, for he did not appear to require any information either about myself or anything else. I thought it strange that this person should be so unlike every one else with whom I had come in contact in the course of my travels, but I soon became aware of the fact that my new companion occupied a mental sphere far above that of common mortals like myself—that I was in reality, favoured with the company of a philosopher. He happened he said, to have been born in England, but he owed no allegiance either to that country or any other; he was a citizen of the world. He regarded with pity, mingled with contempt, the poor benighted creatures who quarrel, and are willing to fight for what they call their country; but the day was at hand, was even now beginning to dawn when that combination of bigotry and superstition dignified by the name of patriotism would be scattered to the four winds of heaven, when no one would presume to possess anything to which his neighbor had not an equal right. Fortunately we are not

troubled with many such philosophers, as our country does not produce them, and should a stray one find his way here our climate seems not to agree with his mental constitution and he soon drifts to the south. I know one, who, born in England, and having lived for some time in Canada, joined an association, the object of which was the settling of a portion of one of the Southern States. He took an active part in persuading Ontario farmers to sell their property and move to the Land of Promise. I met him while engaged in this business and asked him how he could lend himself to the up-building of a foreign country at the expense of his own. He replied first by a loud laugh, and then, with a look of supreme self-satisfaction, expressed his surprise that he who held such liberal sentiments should care for one country more than another further than for the advantages that either might afford to those who chose it for their residence. Having, however, after a short experience, discovered that the Ontario farmers were not so easily duped as was expected, he abandoned his international enterprise and in all probability found other congenial employment.

In arriving at the Landing I purchased from McMaster, flour to the extent of my last dollar, and managed to obtain from him on credit twenty barrels of oatmeal. How he came to credit me I do not know as he had never seen me before and knew nothing about Boyd but what I told him. I lost no time in getting my purchases down to the steamboat landing which was at that time on a branch of the Holland River about three miles from the village bearing the name of Holland Landing, but this place was subsequently abandoned and Bradford adopted as the landing for steamboats. The steamer 'Simcoe,' owned and commanded by Captain Laughton, was then running on Lake Simcoe, making the trips around the Lake in two days. After getting my stuff aboard, and the steamer having got under way, I told the purser I had no money with which to pay my passage, having spent it all in the purchase of flour, and that he would have to charge it to Boyd. He said that it was usual to have the passage money paid in advance and the

freight at the end of the season, but as I had no money he would have to charge it with the freight. The purser was Henry Pligrim who filled the same office on the steamer Gore in 1845 and who was long a resident of the Sault Ste. Marie. My stuff was landed at Orillia and trained across to Sturgeon Bay where a schooner was waiting to convey it and myself to Owen Sound.

Late in the fall W. C. Boyd embarked for Toronto on board the schooner St. Joseph, owned and sailed by Alexander McNab, taking with him a cargo of potash and fish. When off the mouth of the Saugeen River they encountered a storm of such violence as to drive them from their course, so that they were forced to seek shelter in the lee of Chantry Island. But on reaching this supposed place of refuge, and having dropped anchor, it was discovered that the Island afforded very little protection from either wind or sea. To add to the danger of the situation, the anchor failed to hold, on account of the bottom being stony, and they found themselves moving towards shore at a rate that would soon land them in the breakers, where they were certain to be either washed overboard or frozen to death while clinging to the vessel. The contemplation of either fate must have been anything but cheering. They were all strangers to the pilotage and the night was dark, but they knew the Saugeen River must be near. The foam on the crest of the breakers stretching like a white belt along the shore, was plainly visible, and the doleful roar of the surf was loud and unceasing. They observed however, a break, or dark gap, in this belt of foam, which they thought might indicate the position of the river's mouth, and believing that Providence helps them who help themselves, they lost no time in getting up anchor and making for this gap which proved to be the opening to the desired haven. They entered without difficulty and were safe. But a very short time before, the breakers were between them and shore now the shore was between them and the breakers, and to use a figurative expression, there was the breadth of the heavens difference in the two situations. As the howling of the storm or the roaring of the surf had no longer any terrors for the inmates of the now safely moored craft. How long it took the storm to expend

its fury I do not know, but as the season was so far advanced they did not consider it wise to continue the voyage. They therefore laid up the schooner and walked home. In the following February I went over to Sauguen to look after the vessel and cargo, taking with me John Miller and Daniel Lamont, both long and favorably known in this community. We left home early in the morning on snowshoes and reached the Indian village shortly after dark. On my arrival I learned from the Indians that the vessel and cargo were safe, but a trader whom Boyd had supplied with goods to a large amount, had sold the entire stock to a Goderich merchant, who had placed a man in possession. Here was a difficulty, and one with which I had no thought of being called upon to grapple on leaving home. From what I gathered from the Indians the man in charge of goods I felt satisfied that the sale was a fraud, and if prompt action were taken it could be cancelled. I therefore concluded to ask Miller to proceed to Goderich for that purpose. A journey to Goderich in those days, involving a tramp of sixty miles, the greater part of the distance being without road or human habitation, was a trip that few people would feel disposed to undertake. But having known Miller from boyhood, and been associated with him in many a boyish lark, I was in no respect ignorant of his character. I had also some knowledge of his powers of endurance, and as I expected, he at once consented to go, and on being furnished with a blanket, some provisions, matches and a tomahawk, was off. Lamont and I returned home, nothing the worse for our tramp though somewhat tired. Miller arrived at Goderich

without any particular adventure, but what success attended his mission I really forget, and it makes little difference now. When on his way home he reached the Penetangore River in the dusk of the evening, intending to camp for the night at the first suitable place, but in crossing the river he broke through the ice and the current was so strong he was nearly carried under. It is true he escaped drowning, but with every prospect of being frozen to death, he was in very much the same position as the man who escaped being shot, only to be captured and hanged. With his clothes and everything about him, matches included, saturated with water, he had no means of kindling a fire, and to lie down in such a condition with the thermometer at or near zero, he knew was certain death; and though thirty long miles intervened between him and relief, he resolved to push forward while his strength lasted. This he did marching all night and reaching the Indian village about daylight next morning, when his wants were kindly attended to by the Indians. On his return home he related to me his adventure but appeared to regard it as of little consequence and I never remember hearing him mention the matter afterwards. Such is the stuff of which many of Owen Sound's pioneers were composed, but one after another they are passing away and in a very short time all will be gone.—Even their names will soon be forgotten. But their country still lives, and will live, so long as it continues to produce a race possessed of industry and enterprise to develop its resources, and patriotism to defend its institutions and soil.—A. M. STEPHENS.

